

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

TWO JOURNEYS.

"I go on a journey far away,"
He said—and he stopped and kissed me
then—
"Over the ocean for many a day—
"Good-by," and he kissed me once again,
But only a few short months had fled,
When again I answered my husband's
kisses—
"I could not tarry away," he said:
"There is never a land so fair as this."
Again I stood by my husband's side,
"I go on a journey, sweet, to-day!"
Over the river the boatmen glide—
"Good-by, I shall linger long away!"
Ah, he will come back soon, I know,
"I said, as I stooped for the parting kiss;
"He can not tarry, he told me so,
There is never a land so fair as this."

THE LADY BLANCHE LIFEBOAT.

He was drunk as usual on his watch, though there was a big gale blowing out at sea, with gathering signs of a storm overhead; and it might be that the lifeboat would have some work to do before morning.

But what did Peter Pencorow care about the lifeboat, except for the salary of £1 a week which he drew as its custodian? Nobody in the village of Polloot had looked with kindly eye on the arrival of this foolish boat—as they called it—which was to take the "harvesting" out of their mouths. For the population were wreckers to a man and woman, and they termed it "harvesting" when some well-freighted ship was driven on to the great Needle Rock off their coast and went to pieces.

Such accidents happen too rarely for their taste—once a year or thereabouts, and the booty was often miserably small. But there had been years within the memory of some of the inhabitants, who were not yet old, when a dozen vessels of all sizes had foundered in a single winter, and when the luck of the wreckers had been large. It was in a winter of this kind that old Peter Pencorow had made his fortune. He was young then, and it was said that he had picked up a package of diamonds from the Brazil as his share of the spoils. Anyhow, he disappeared from Polloot and went to live in London, like a gentleman, as some supposed; though others affirmed that he ran through his money pretty fast, and went through a multitude of queer adventures afterward. Twenty-five years after his departure he returned to the village with a boy of sixteen and a girl one year younger; and soon afterward he was appointed custodian of the lifeboat Lady Blanche, which had been presented to Polloot by the rich and good Cornish Earl, and christened after his favorite daughter.

Peter Pencorow was not like at Polloot. It was said that he had "blown the gaff." He was accused of having, while steward on board an ocean steamer, told a number of ugly stories to the Earl and Lady Blanche, who were returning home from a tour in America; inasmuch that my lord and his daughter had made a vow to dedicate a lifeboat at once to the salvation of human life. There was some talk of blasting the Needle Rock, and erecting a lighthouse on that dangerous part of the coast. Engineers had come to take soundings, and their operations had been watched with sullen wrath. Harold Trecoorpe, the biggest, most scowling fisherman in the village—a fellow whose face looked murder, and whose mouth never opened without a curse—had sworn that if he hanged for it, Pencorow should never live to see a life saved by his boat nor a vessel warned of danger by the beacon of a lighthouse. Before long, however, Peter Pencorow ceased to be so much hated. He was a worthless scamp, always drunk, and his chosen companion came to be Harold Trecoorpe, who had several times threatened his life. Drunken men are not dangerous, save to themselves, at least such the popular idea, and Harold used to laugh an old mocking laugh when anybody talked of what things the Lady Blanche would do with her signals, her rockets, and all her costly and complete apparatus for salvage the first time that a vessel stood in peril of touching on that dangerous Needle.

Three years passed, and the lifeboat did nothing. They happened to be exceptionally disastrous, from the Pollooters' point of view, for though wrecks enough took place on other parts of the coast, no one of any consequence foundered on the Needle. By this time Harold Trecoorpe was captain of the lifeboat's crew. He and seven other men received £12 a year apiece from the Earl to go out practicing sometimes with the boat, and to hold themselves in readiness at any time when their services might be wanted. If they saved lives, they were to have each a bounty of £1 on every human head rescued. Nay, they were to have fifteen shillings too, for every dead human body they brought to shore. Thus had the Earl and his daughter tried to enlist the cupidity of these men on the side of humanity, hoping, maybe, that some higher agencies would work, too, for the reclaiming of a population as barbarous and debased as any in these isles.

Peter Pencorow lived in a pretty house which his patron had built for him near the large white shed where the lifeboat was kept. There was a pharmacy in the place, with two rooms holding three beds each, which were to be reserved for half-drowned men and women who might be drawn out of the sea; and there were a great number of useful appliances for restoring lives that might be just flickering out. Sometimes the Earl and Lady Blanche would drive to the village to see if everything was in good order; but since their carriage could be seen five miles off as it wound down the steep road on the rock side, leading to Polloot, Peter and his daughter Meg always had about an hour's notice to set things tidy. Peter now lived alone with his daughter Margaret. His son had left him in disgust to enlist, and Meg only remained with him because there was nothing else for her to do. She had been cursed at and

condemned by him all through her childhood; she had been his drudge, his scapegoat in everyone of those drunken fits of his, which occurred daily, and her body bore marks of brutal kicks he had given her when she was a little thing, with limbs still tender and weak. But now she had grown up to be a tall, strong girl, with a tanned face and a determined look, so that Peter was afraid of her. He used to hide his money from her, as a bad boy does from his mother, and if she wanted anything for household expenses she had to search his pockets when he was dead drunk. However, more than thirty pounds out of his fifty-two a year used to melt in drink, and Margaret had to eke out a subsistence for herself and her by making nets and shrimping. Sometimes Lady Blanche used to give her a sovereign, and this, too, helped the household along.

Margaret had a wild, dogged sort of attractiveness in her appearance. She never wore shoes or stockings, and her black hair fell down her back in one thickly plaited tress. A red handkerchief formed her head-covering and was tied under her chin; her rough, brown arms were always bare to the elbow. Harold Trecoorpe had cast his eyes upon her from the time when she was seventeen, but she hated him. The first time he tried some rough piece of gallantry on her she caught up the stump of a broken oar to protect herself and merely glared at him, without saying a word. On another occasion, when he came behind her unawares and took her by the chin, she lifted a heavy fishing net, all bronzed with age and salt, and dashed it in his face with such violence that he was knocked down on the shingle.

"Curse you, wench!" he swore, as he picked himself up. "You wouldn't have done that to Mark Brathwaite; but let him look to himself if he crosses me."

"If you lay a finger on Mark Brathwaite you'll have to look to yourself," answered Margaret, contemptuously; and Harold contented himself with scowling at her from that time.

Mark Brathwaite was Margaret's second lover—a fair-haired boy, about her own age, whom she had saved from drowning one windy day, when he had been dashed out of his fishing boat by a flap of a loosened sail, which had hit him on the head and stunned him. Margaret had swam a couple of furlongs in a tumbling sea to effect the rescue, and Mark Brathwaite had loved her from the moment when he opened his eyes and found her bending over him, breathing life into his body vigorously from her own lungs. Margaret, however, treated him like a younger brother. He was the only human being who could draw a smile from her, but he was not the man to teach her what love was, though he tried hard and made himself pretty wretched in the attempt.

Sometimes Peter Pencorow's daughter, sitting outside her father's house on fine afternoons to make nets, would drop her hands into her lap and look out with a dull, wistful expression over the sea, so broad, blue and mysterious. Her finely shaped head might have been a storehouse of knowledge and great thoughts, but it was empty. She could neither read nor write; she knew nothing of the world except in its most sordid aspects of dire poverty, drunkenness and brutality. She had never set foot in a church, and had no idea of a God save that she had heard and believed that there was something above those skies which were now so golden with sunlight, now so black with thunder. Occasionally such natural impulses of good as were in the girl's heart would well up in short scraps of advice which she gave to Mark Brathwaite: "Mark, you must not get drunk like father. There's no good in drink;" or, "Mark, if I were a man, I'd learn swim and become a scholar."

This is what Margaret Pencorow was at eighteen, and on the night alluded to in the first line of this story, when her worthless father stood, drunk as usual, on his watch, and unheeding of the storm that was gathering.

The storm broke presently with frightful fury. Long streaks of lightning rent the skies, and the waves were dashed upon the shore with a roaring loud as thunder. In despite of the deluge of rain the crew of the lifeboat came to the shed to get all in readiness, and a great many other fishermen and their wives trooped out of the cottages; but this was only because sleep on such a night was impossible. Most of the eyes that looked seaward with expectant glances were rather hoping for a profitable wreck than eager for a chance to save life.

Margaret stood in the shed with Mark Brathwaite beside her, Harold Trecoorpe being on the other side of the boat. The occasional glow of the pipe he was smoking lit up his rugged face and made it seem devilish as he cursed the ill-luck that had fallen upon Polloot, and expressed his conviction that the lifeboat had "witched" the place, driving wrecks off it. "Dong yo!" cried he, striking his fist on the boat's side. "Yo've done us harm from the day you come here! Yo hev'!"

Suddenly there was a cry from every one under the shed: "A light! a blue light! Look, there's another!"

Far off in the offing there was a ship in distress sending up blue lights. They rose swift and pale, then burst into a bright gleam and vanished. Harold Trecoorpe uttered a shout of exultation. "It's a big ship," cried he. "Here, give us the blue rockets, wench."

"What for the blue rockets?" asked Margaret, who was standing near a box of fire-signals. "Ye must burn three red lights first to warn 'em the coast's dangerous. Then three blue 'uns to say the life-boat's coming. That's what my lord told me."

"Cuss your lord and yo' too!" blurted out Harold, savagely, as he ran around to the other side of the boat. "Here, lads, bear a hand and heave this wench out."

"Harold, I'll fire a light in yo'r face if yo' come near me. Mark, keep that wench," cried Margaret, panting; and seizing the lantern from Peter Pencorow's drunken hands, she held a rocket at Harold's face as if it were a pistol.

But there were others beside Harold who wanted the ship to be wrecked, and several of the lifeboat's crew were among them. They were willing enough to go out with the boat by-and-by, but they wanted the vessel to be wrecked first. These scoundrels drove Margaret and Mark Brathwaite back, and it was resolved among them that no lights should

be burned at all for the present. In her energetic language unadorned, Margaret Pencorow hurled anathemas at them, but they only laughed, and suddenly the girl vanished through the crowd with Mark Brathwaite.

Where had they gone? For several moments their disappearance was not noticed, but suddenly a broad sheet of lightning that lit up the whole coast, showed the girl and the boy running as hard as they could down the shore in the direction of the Needle Rock. The tide was coming in fast, but it was evidently Meg's object to get near the rock before it. Why? They learned presently. A loud hiss, a blaze of red light and up went a red rocket; then another; then a third. Three danger signals rose rapidly, one after another, under the eyes of the enraged wreckers. Then all became black again. The storm rumbled away, and no more blue lights were burned out at sea. Margaret had rushed off with the red rockets, which had probably warned the distressed ship to keep clear of the treacherous coast. Anyhow, the ship was not wrecked nor heard of again.

Nor was Margaret Pencorow ever seen again or heard of. Mark Brathwaite, returning pale, exhausted and half-crazed at daybreak, announced that she had suddenly been swept away by a wave, but whether he knew not, though he had swum, and dived, and sought for hours, risking his life twenty times. "God knows where she went!" he cried, sobbing.

And doubtless God did know.

At present there is no more Needle Rock off Polloot. Lady Blanche had it blasted, and a fine light-house has been erected where it stood, to warn vessels of the other dangerous rocks in the vicinity. It is called "The Margaret Light-house," and Mark Brathwaite is the keeper.—*London Truth.*

The Birthplace of Salmon.

In the realm of the Northwest Wind, on the boundary-line between the dark fir-forests and the sunny plains, there stands a mountain, a great white cone two miles and a half in perpendicular height. On its lower mile, the dense fir-woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half-mile, a lighter green of grass and bushes gives place in winter to white; and on its uppermost mile, the snows of the great Ice Age still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington Territory say that this mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that, even in its own country, Mount Rainier is not without honor.

Flowing down from a cold, clear river fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining sands, through birch-woods and belts of dark firs to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia.

This river is the Cowlitz, and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half-buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but like the philosopher's monads, each one had in it the promise and potency of an active life. In the water above them, little suckers and minnows and prickly sculpins were straining their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their scientific curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling.

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz laid over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish, a curious little fellow, only half an inch long, with great, staring eyes which made almost his length, and a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon, but the water was good, and there were flies, and worms, and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. And there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole, for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose," was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into one larger one, and the process of "addition, division and silence," still went on.

By-and-by, when all the salmon were too small to swallow the others and too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless and to sigh for a change. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and one of them suggested that his hurry was caused by something going to eat at the other end of the course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon-fashion, which fashion is to get into the current, head up-stream, and so to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz River they went for a day and a night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last, they began to grow hungry, and, coming near the shore, they saw an angle-worm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought one of the boys opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around that angle-worm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in the gills, followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them, for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide-and-seek, but only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this one never came back, and the others went on their course wondering.—*Prof. David S. Jordan, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A citizen of German extraction residing in Virginia City, Nev., recently made preparations to visit the country of his fathers. In order, however, to show his patriotism and his love for this, his adopted land, he wore a pair of boots in the soles of which he had caused thin layers of earth to be placed. Wherever he goes he will now say, "I stand on American soil."

Spring Bonnets.

"And how much is this sweet thing?" says Mrs. Gushington, taking up a crown of fancy straw, with a bush full of ripe currants twined about it, and a rose dangling over one shoulder. "This," answers the milliner, staring vaguely into the crown as if she expected to see the Delphic oracles engraved there, "this is \$25; no, it can't possibly be as low as that; well, it's a mistake at that price, it is at \$30, but you can have it at the figure named. Did you ever see anything so becoming? Makes you look ten years younger, my dear madame."

Mrs. Gushington inspected the back of her head with a hand-glass. It does look young; decidedly youthful. Then she turns blandly to the large mirror and sees a face that is fat, fair, and forty, enshrined by a circle of fancy straw and a wreath of ruby currants.

"Doesn't it seem—rather—small?" she asks, hesitatingly.

"It is small," answers the milliner. "How could it be fashionable if it were anything else? Perhaps you would like a last winter's scoop or a sun hat? Mrs. Col. Brown wants this sent up to-day to match her new ruby silk. I shall charge her \$35 for it."

That settles it. The bonnet is bought and sent home, and when Mrs. Gushington walks out those who see the back of the bonnet think she is a miss of sixteen, and those who see its face know she will not miss sixty. So in either event it does her an injustice, but it is a case in which ignorance is bliss.

"Trim my bonnet the prettiest on the left side," says a youthful matron in a whisper to her milliner, and the modiste smiles and brings all her skill to bear in a culminating bow or arrangement of flowers at that point. She knows that it is to be worn Sunday, and that is the congregation side.

The new bonnet will have a great deal to answer for through its human representation of a woman who goes to church with one on no idea of being a stumbling block in the way to Heaven, but the bonnet is larger and more important than the church, the steeple, and all the people. "Line upon line and precept upon precept," says the minister.

"Feather upon feather and flower upon flower," says the bonnet.

"Come out of darkness into the light," says the minister.

"Am I not lovely in this half light?" says the bonnet.

"Hallelujah!" chants the choir.

"Hardly-knew-you!" responds a sweet-faced singer, as she peers under her friend's new bonnet. The dainty scoops that frame arch Puritan faces and sweet, kissable lips are the wickedest bonnets of all; seventy years old without, and seventeen within, what trouble they give to gallant young men who will peer under their brims to see if it is their great-grandmother, in which case they plunge madly down a side street, or the Hebe of their youthful dreams.

Tying her bonnet under her chin, she tied a young man's heart within.

It is forever a pity to cover up sleek young heads and sun-bright hair with coal-scuttle bonnets. A field diary with a pair of strings should suffice.

As clay in the hands of the potter is the average woman in the hands of her milliner; she may have a small, cock, flower face, with a pensive pink cheek, and the autocat of bonnets places a leghorn combination on her head, which has a cardinal lining, three old-gold feathers, and a bunch of poppies and stars a yard long and nine inches wide; overtopped by this structure, the little woman is lost to sight; she is all bonnet, and gold, and crimson shadows; she is the antithesis of Mrs. Gushington, but the same milliner created them both.

And grave, somber Mrs. Amity, who spends her life prowling about the ruins of wretched towns and villages, which have devolved upon the fireman, to the manifest neglect, in many instances, of his other duties, will be automatically performed by steam power, easily regulated and controlled. The not infrequent loss of life hereabouts, as well as through the Western country, where grade crossings are as a rule unprotected, has set railroad men to thinking, as in a majority of cases verdicts against the road employing the careless fireman have been recovered. It seems strange that so simple an application of steam, of which there is always a surplus in locomotive boilers, should not have been made. The device consists merely of a small cylinder containing a revolving piston, connected directly with the bell-yoke by means of a shaft. The motion is regulated by a valve and cut-off, so adjusted that by a slight movement, it is thrown "off the center," and instantly sets in motion. The bell then rings continuously until checked by a similar slight movement. It is in constant readiness for use, steam being "on" continually after the firing of the engine, and is thus instantaneously available in cases where it is desirable to give warning. The device is easily applied to locomotives, of whatever make. There are districts in the West through which for miles the firemen are required by law to ring their bells continuously, and, at the same time, are required to keep their fires up to the required standard.—*Boston Herald.*

Locomotive Bell-Ringing by Steam.

Railroad men are just now greatly interested in a novel appliance to locomotives, whereby the heretofore laborious task of ringing the bell at crossings and while approaching towns and villages, which has devolved upon the fireman, to the manifest neglect, in many instances, of his other duties, will be automatically performed by steam power, easily regulated and controlled. The not infrequent loss of life hereabouts, as well as through the Western country, where grade crossings are as a rule unprotected, has set railroad men to thinking, as in a majority of cases verdicts against the road employing the careless fireman have been recovered. It seems strange that so simple an application of steam, of which there is always a surplus in locomotive boilers, should not have been made. The device consists merely of a small cylinder containing a revolving piston, connected directly with the bell-yoke by means of a shaft. The motion is regulated by a valve and cut-off, so adjusted that by a slight movement, it is thrown "off the center," and instantly sets in motion. The bell then rings continuously until checked by a similar slight movement. It is in constant readiness for use, steam being "on" continually after the firing of the engine, and is thus instantaneously available in cases where it is desirable to give warning. The device is easily applied to locomotives, of whatever make. There are districts in the West through which for miles the firemen are required by law to ring their bells continuously, and, at the same time, are required to keep their fires up to the required standard.—*Boston Herald.*

John Eans, of Henry County, N. C., thinks his stomach is the same as that of a chicken, and that it is necessary for his digestion to swallow after eating a handful of gravel. He keeps the gravel in water to keep it cool, and regularly swallows a handful after each meal. He has been swallowing gravel for many years. Once he had to call in a physician, who extracted the gravel from his body. He is 45 years old and seems to be in good health.

The Battle of the Brooms.

Just now the domestic queen is on the war-path. We hear the shrill tones of feminine command, the sweep of the broom, the clatter of the dust-pat, the steady thump of the flagging stick, and the titter of the tickling hammer. With cobwebby pennons of victory, and a flourish of dust-cloths, towel-helmeted ranks charge through the house, swooping down on the weak and the unwary, and some they drown, and some they drive to distraction.

By-and-by when the victory is won, when not even the ghost of a dust-speck is left to fight against, and calm-eyed peace, emerged from calico aprons and crimping-pins, sits once more beside the family hearth-stone, everybody will rejoice in the spic-and-span atmosphere which pervades the house from attic to cellar.

Except to those housekeepers who have joined the ranks of the great Unwashed, this annual upheaval appears in the light of necessity so inevitable that we women submit cheerfully, and "tear up," and "set to rights," with jealous haste, not because we want to, but because we must. As for man, the benighted, the very thought of a carpet coming up or a stove-pipe coming down puts him out of sorts. It would seem that for the sake of quiet and comfort he would prefer to be like the people in old-fashioned stories, who "lived in peace and died in grease, and were buried under a lump of tallow."

If you want a specimen of a man's housekeeping, just look at the barn. Do you suppose the dust and cobwebs gathered there have ever encountered a broom, or the window-panes been relieved of an atom of dirt? Now, if a woman had charge of that building the walls and ceilings would certainly have an occasional sweeping, and the windows would at least be clean enough to see through, and the first man who found time to whistle a stick would find himself armed with a whitewash brush. But houses must be cleaned even if husbands do grumble; of course they will anyway, and to tell the truth some of them have just cause—when, for instance, house-cleaning means a cross and collarless wife, a capelless, draughty house, a wreck of cold dinner, and a succession of minor mishaps and miseries, winding up with coughs and colds and maybe a doctor's bill, it is no wonder it grows to be a bugbear. Such fanaticism is nearly out of date now. We women have learned the truth of the old adage "the more haste the less speed," in this respect at any rate, and most of us are content to go about our spring work sensibly and systematically, taking one room at a time and leisurely completing it before beginning another. As a preparatory step, closets, trunks and drawers ought to have a thorough overhauling. There is no place in a house that needs purification more than an unventilated closet; clothing that has been hanging long in such a place is unfit to wear until it has in some way been restored to freshness.

All woolen garments and furs should be well sunned, beaten and carefully examined to make sure that they are free from moths; if afterward they are put directly into paper bags and pasted up, or even tied up securely in paper and packed away, they will be safe until they are needed again. If there is the least sign of moth about them it is best to keep them where they can have a weekly brushing and examination.

The moth miller flies and lays its eggs during May and June. It is, of course, necessary that things should be put away before that time, and many consider it wisdom to examine such articles in July. If packed as directed, in a tight trunk or chest, and there is no doubt about their perfect cleanliness, the latter precaution may be dispensed with. The seams and cracks of packed boxes should have strong paper pasted over them, but if there is an empty liquor case to be had use that instead; one can ask for no better packing case. Where a carpet is found to be infested with moths, wash the floor with hot soap-suds and when dry brush it with spirits of turpentine about a yard wide all around the room, then when the carpet is down, wring a strip of muslin out of alcohol, lay it on the carpet and press it with a hot iron until dry. Proceed in this manner all around the room and if the carpet is properly swept you will have no further trouble. If the moths are in upholstered furniture use the insect powder. It will kill them, sure.

Paint and varnish are not expensive articles, and they are so easily applied that old furniture can be made to look like new with next to no trouble. They should be remembered, however, that every article should be thoroughly cleaned with hot water and soap, and if necessary a little washing-soda, before painting or varnishing. To clean wallpaper, cover a smooth block of wood with two or three thicknesses of canton-flannel, fleecy side out. When the carpet is up, dip this block into dry whiting and rub the paper lightly with the soft side, doing a breadth at a time so as not to skip any. When all is finished brush the wall with a soft cloth fastened over the broom. If paper has been spotted with grease or hair-oil, brush the stain with shellac varnish to prevent the grease striking through, then patch it, cutting it in some figure to exactly match.

All stained places coming from leaky roofs should be coated over with the same shellac varnish before whitening ceilings or walls; otherwise the stains will strike through.

To lighten walls, scrape off all old whitewash that is rough or sealy and wash the walls with a solution of two ounces of white vitriol to four gallons of water. Soak a quarter of a pound of white glue for twelve hours in cold water. Drain and place in a tin pail, cover with fresh water, and set the pail in a kettle of boiling water. When melted stir into the glue eight pounds of whiting and water enough to make as thick as common whitewash; blue the water slightly before using. Apply evenly with a good brush; the excellence of the work, as well as the ease of doing it, depends greatly on the brush. The best will be found cheapest in the end.—*Prairie Farmer.*

God hears the heart without the words, but He never hears the words without the heart.

—Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Dr. Hertz, a foreign electrician, has shown that it is possible to telephone six hundred miles.

—M. Adair has just been awarded 3,000 francs by the Paris Academy of Sciences for his advances in phonetic telegraphy, as also telephony.

—Vines are said to extract yearly from the soil only about three-fourths of the quantity of potash and phosphoric acid that the cereals take up.

—Paris has oxygen gas works capable of supplying about 11,000 cubic feet of oxygen daily. Nothing is known as to the method of producing the gas, as the establishment is still in its experimental stage; but if the oxygen is of the purity claimed, and can be sold at a reasonable price, the enterprise bids fair to succeed.

—M. Lefranc has called attention in the *Journal de Pharmacie* to woolen mattresses as a possibly fertile nidus for disease. In a large city such mattresses may represent millions of fleeces that have been only partly cleared of grease, and have, moreover, been affected by long use through successive generations. They are rarely efficiently purified, and might become an active medium for the propagation of infection.

A suggestion to employ artificial lights for the capture and destruction of noxious insects has found considerable favor. A medal was awarded at the last exhibition of agriculture and insectology in Paris for a lamp especially adapted for catching insects. The electric light has been found to be a very effective insect-trap, and its eventual coming into use for this purpose in bug-infested gardens and orchards may be regarded as among the things that are possible.

—M. Muntz's experiments (the iodiform reaction) show that alcohol is to be found in all kinds of water, except very pure spring water. Rain and river water contain about one gram per cubic meter; snow and cold rain a little more. It also exists in the earth, even poor soil, in the quantity of 100 to 200 grams, giving the iodiform reaction. The diffusion of the substance in nature is accounted for on the theory of the destruction of organic matter by various agents of fermentation.

—A thermometric bureau has been established in connection with the Winchester Observatory of Yale College, for the more accurate graduation and verification of thermometers. The thermometers in common use are, as a rule, not graduated with any approach to scientific accuracy, and the best of them, however exact they may be when new, increase their readings rapidly within a few months, so as to become as much as 2° in error in the course of a year. This is a matter of particular importance with clinical thermometers, of which several thousand are bought every year; and to instruments of this class special attention is paid.

FITE AND POINT.

—The weight of the world—about twelve ounces to the pound.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A move in the right direction prevents collision when teams meet.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A tooth-pulling shop is known as a sore gum manufactory.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—"What is the moon good for?" asked Prof. Miller. "What are its principal uses?" And the smart boy looked up from the foot of the class and said: "To rest the gas companies."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—The man who knows the most is not an owing man.—Man is like a carpet when he is kept down by tax.—Man is like a pin; the size of the head does not indicate how sharp and pointed he may be.—*Whitell Times.*

—Specimens of the mephitic plant known as skunk's cabbage are sold in the streets of New York under the attractive name of California lilies, and they smell so much better than the streets that there is quite a demand for them. Anything is welcome as a change.—*Boston Post.*

—Tight lacing caused the liver of an Indiana woman to grow fast to the epigastrium, causing her death. Ladies can not be too careful in guarding against such a calamity as this. When tight lacing must be indulged in the epigastrium should be removed and looked up in the bureau-drawer for safety.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—She was a young lady fresh from boarding-school, and she went into the laundry to learn how to iron shirts. She did not succeed very well, and she said, "Oh, Katy, I shall never be able to get any polish on this bosom." "Sure, miss," was the answer, "you want to put a little elbow grease on it." "Please get some for me right away, Katy." Was the innocent response.—*Boston Courier.*

Throwing the Hatchet.

In the fourteenth century the situation of Public Executioner to the City of Florence became vacant, and, as it was a place of considerable emolument, there were three candidates. A day was appointed for public display of their several abilities. The first candidate, with a knife, cleverly separated the head of the victim from his shoulders. He was outdone by the rapid stroke of the second, whose glittering broadsword struck terror into the hearts of the surrounding multitude. The third and least promising held in his hand a short hatchet, and when the victim was extended with his head on the fatal block, approached him, and in a low whisper inquired if he was a swift runner and if he could swim well. On being answered in the affirmative, he desired him to spring off his feet and cross the river. The executioner then put on a fierce look, swung his weapon round his head, but, instead of making it descend on the devoted creature's neck, struck it with great force into the block! Shouts of execration rose from the crowd, and the trembling wretch, astonished at his wonderful escape, had nearly gained the opposite bank of the river before any steps were taken to pursue him. He had scarcely, however, gone ten yards on dry land, when the executioner, taking steady aim, threw his hatchet with such effect that the body continued running some time after the head was off! From this rather improbable incident the common phrase of throwing the hatchet is said to be derived.